

"What fools these Mortals be!"
MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM

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Suck

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UNDER THE ARTISTIC CHARGE OF.....JOS. KEPPLER
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PUCK this week consists of

* * * 18 PAGES. * * *

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

WE have but one piece of advice to give our Esteemed Contemporary the *Evening Post*, and that is to "crawl" at the earliest opportunity, *in re di Cesnola*. A judicious and orderly withdrawal may save our venerable friend an ignominious defeat. In undertaking to defend Mr. di Cesnola, it has accepted a large and troublesome contract, as a brief statement of the case will make clear. Mr. Gaston L. Feuardent, a member and the New York representative of an old and honorable London and Paris firm of dealers in antiquities, long ago charged General di Cesnola, the guardian of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, with having "doctored" certain works of art placed in his care by the trustees of the Museum. This charge was supported by a certain amount of proof; it was reiterated, pressed to a trial, got, at last, something remotely resembling a trial, was dismissed, and is still put forward, backed now by fresh testimony from the most respectable sources.

Obviously this is what the lawyers would call "a case." The charge may be true, or it may be false. In either case, it calls imperatively for judgement. It was made, in the first instance, openly and properly, by a reputable authority, and has since then been taken up by men of character and professional position. The natural inference is that it is a charge which General di Cesnola ought to meet squarely and disprove if he can. He has not met it squarely, and he has not disproved it at all. He has submitted the matter to a committee which, with the exception of one man, was wholly unfit to investigate such a subject. This exception was Mr. J. Q. A. Ward, the sculptor. Mr. Feuardent makes, and Mr. Clarence Cook reiterates, on his personal responsibility, accusations of gross negligence, partiality and incompetence against this committee. The committee certainly permitted Mr. di Cesnola to impeach the evidence of one of Mr. Feuardent's witnesses by charges emanating from a comparatively unknown man, himself believed to be of bad character. The witness assailed is stated by Mr. Gilder and Mr. Drake,

his present employers, to be a sober and trustworthy person. What we know of the other doings of the five gentlemen suggests strongly the methods of what are called "whitewashing committees." It is pretty clear that Messrs. F. A. P. Barnard, Charles P. Daly, R. D. Hitchcock, J. Q. A. Ward and W. C. Prime have a personal interest in clearing General di Cesnola in the eyes of the public, if it is only to confirm the justice of their own verdict.

But we regret to see that the one idea of Gen. di Cesnola and his friends seems to be to hush the affair up, or to let it blow over. General di Cesnola has apparently influenced certain newspapers to print nothing from the people on the other side of the controversy. Mr. Clarence Cook, the art critic of the *Tribune*, an able and courageous man, has to ask the hospitality of the *Times* to make a personal statement. This is a disgraceful thing—for the *Tribune*. The *Post* calls Mr. Feuardent a skunk—calls him a skunk in Latin; but that does not make the phrase either more decent or more sensible. If Mr. Feuardent ever gets a fair trial, and, on his present showing, we mean to help him to that end, it will be well for our E. C. if it does not have many more words of this sort to eat again.

It always gives us pleasure to call attention to a deserving and unappreciated man. We wish to recommend Mr. Willard Bartlett to all derelict officials in urgent need of counsel. Mr. Bartlett is an old and experienced lawyer, and makes a specialty of defending police commissioners. He has already proved that no Mayor of New York can try dishonest officials without benefit of counsel, and is now engaged in proving that no Mayor can try such officials *with* counsel. We think he may be safely trusted to prove that a Mayor who prefers charges against any official is, *ipso facto*, guilty of arson. All cases backed up by lucid editorials written in vigorous Saxon English, in the *N. Y. Sun*. Mr. Bartlett's address may be obtained on application at the *Sun* Building, Park Row.

The war-cloud which has been hanging over Europe, on account of the recent difficulty between Turkey and Greece, has passed away for the present. Russia will now be able to devote her whole attention to throttling her Nihilists, England to keeping the turbulent Irish in order, and Germany to settling her domestic and imaginary Jewish troubles. But the European atmosphere will only remain clear for a time, for this Greek question is of such a nature that it is liable to be revived at any moment, and cause more exchanges of notes, and threatening talk by the newspapers of the respective countries, dispatches, envoys, protocols, preparations for war, then concessions on the part of either Turkey or Greece, and then peace again, until the next inevitable dispute arises. Americans really don't care whether Greece annexes Turkey or Turkey annexes Greece, or whether Russia or Austria annexes them both. Neither nationality demands any sympathy from us. American night editors are the only individuals who suffer by these troubles, because they have to look in *Gazetteers* to see how to spell the jaw-breaking names peculiar to South-Eastern Europe. Greece has no longer anything to howl about, and will cease, it is to be hoped, for some time to come, to disturb the neighbors.

The Police Commissioners, assisted by the legal acumen of bullying counsel, are trying to prove that they are the most virtuous and, at the same time, the most injured of mortals. In another column we have discussed the posi-

tion of these gentlemen, and only mention them here to serve as a comparison to those nice men who sit in the Assembly at Albany who seem determined that the citizens of New York shall not have clean streets. Perhaps we ought not to use the word comparison, for comparison implies difference, and there is really no difference between our utterly incompetent and impudent Police Commissioners and the base and unprincipled fellows who defeated the Street-Cleaning bill at Albany. The city of New York never seems to be able to get justice done here. The ignorant country political lout who knows little or nothing of the metropolis, combining with the Republican or Democratic city heeler, just as politics may require, often for a small consideration devotes himself body and soul to stop the city's progress, to injure her trade and encourage dirt, disease and death. New York is in the position of an unprotected female between two mercenary rogues, who seek to drag her through their congenial mire.

As we go to press the latest news from Washington is that there is some prospect of the Senate deadlock soon coming to an end. This is encouraging, and let us hope that the report is not too good to be true. After our cartoon and remarks in last week's issue, some of the respectable Senators, and others who are not respectable, have thought over the matter, and have come to the conclusion that their recent proceedings were not calculated to raise them in the estimation of the country. They further admit that some bad language was used, and, in short, that all the circumstances connected with the deadlock would not cause the Senate to be looked upon by posterity as a model legislative body. It is very hard that the whole public business of the country should be brought to a standstill because Senator Conkling does not approve of this man, or Senator Mahone does not approve of that man. A Republican system of government is indeed a failure if it be possible for a couple of bullying demagogues to shut off legislation at their pleasure. The most autocratic act of a Czar could scarcely go further. This deadlock business is a miserable, contemptible spectacle.

Will it, we should like to know, make any difference to the millions of people in the United States, if the fellow Riddleberger does or does not become sergeant-at-arms? Or if Smith and Snookes, or Brown and Robinson become door-keepers? In the first place we don't see what the Senate wants of a Sergeant-at-arms—the office is but a relic of European feudal tyranny and is out of place in a free country. If Senators prove obstreperous and unmanageable, let the presiding officer call in the police. Anyway, we feel quite sure that if Riddleberger, or Brownjones, or Greenjones is lucky enough to get the appointment, he will but be on a par with the others in the matter of incompetency. If by any possible chance a man were fit for the position, he would be sure not to get it—the right man is never put in the right place. But, President Garfield, we look to you, by your firmness, experience and suavity, to help the country out of its difficulty. Find the key to that deadlock, if only to relieve the minds of those you have nominated for offices and who are anxiously waiting to be confirmed by the Senate.

Attorney-General Hamilton Ward has sent Governor Cornell an opinion on the Judge Sandford lunacy case, which entirely co-incides with the position we took on the subject last week. We don't know whether to feel flattered or not; but, although we say it who shouldn't, somehow or other we always happen to be right.

MAYOR GRACE AND THE POLICE COMMISSIONERS.

PERHAPS the citizens of New York will learn, in the course of years, to whom the officers that are appointed to look after their interests are responsible.

As things go now they do not appear responsible to anybody.

It is not so very long ago since ex-Mayor Cooper called upon the Police Commissioners to give some little explanation for their neglect of duty. They asserted their right to employ counsel for defence—they could have scarcely defended themselves—which was promptly denied by Mr. Cooper.

Then came removals with the approval of ex-Governor Robinson.

What followed is well known; the faithless officers were reinstated with the assistance of the courts, and Mr. Cooper was worsted.

We have once more a repetition of this interesting drama. As during Mr. Cooper's mayoralty the streets are in a filthy condition, and there is not much to boast of as to the discipline of the Police, Mayor Grace in a business-like manner seeks to settle the street-cleaning question first, and brings a true and terrible catalogue of charges against the present Police Commissioners, to whose tender mercies New York was in an evil moment entrusted.

Mayor Grace, profiting by the unfortunate experience of his much-abused predecessor, permits these incompetent persons to employ lawyers to show how very attentive they have been to their duties, and how solicitous for the cleanliness and welfare of the city. The lawyers are on hand and, of course, attempt to make legal bosh and hairsplitting nonsense usurp the place of common sense.

Their great point is that the Mayor cannot be both judge and accuser. They then proceed to back up their opinions by impudent and ungentlemanly remarks to Mr. Grace.

If the Mayor really was judge of a court, there might be some force in the argument of these lawyers; but as it is, the objection to the Mayor's jurisdiction is both a stupid and a childish one. It is neither law nor equity.

The Commissioners are called upon to answer to the charges brought against them—just as an employer might by courtesy permit an employee to explain any neglect of duty or deficiency in his accounts.

That they should be allowed counsel, even if they can twist the law in some way to show that they have a right to demand it, is in our opinion too great a privilege altogether.

If these choice Police Commissioners are not responsible to the Mayor, we should like to know to whom they are accountable.

They do not appear to care for Governors, or for Mayors, or for the people, or for the press, or for his Satanic majesty himself.

Is there something in the position that makes it more important than that of President of the United States?

Mr. Garfield can be impeached if he does not behave himself, but the moment a man becomes a Police Commissioner, he is above the law, according to these wonderful lawyers.

If the lawyers are right—and we do not believe they are—no time should be lost in devising means to remedy such an anomaly in popular government.

The people, who, through their Mayor and Aldermen, have appointed servants to do certain work, have the same right to kick them out of office for incompetency and inefficiency as they have to take them into their service.

No one in this country should have a prescriptive right to an official position; yet these Police Commissioners, having failed at every point to do that which they are paid for do-

ing, stick like barnacles to their places—and presume to dictate to their outraged masters—the people.

If the respectable citizens of New York will but take the matter in their own hands, they will find that by working together they are quite strong enough to overcome the insolence of not only their Police Commissioners but of all the other worthless officials that disgrace our city.

The good work has begun by the well attended public meetings that have been recently held to find a way of punishing and wiping out the venal rogues who systematically misrepresent their constituents, and have dared to fly in the face of public opinion, health and morality by voting for keeping the dirt and filth in the streets.

OILYMARGARINE.

580 LEXINGTON AVENUE, April 11th, 1881.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

My attention has just been called to your article on "Oilymargarine" in your issue of 6th inst.

I think a kick deserved, from a friend, is always more salutary than overpraise at any time or from any source, and if your reference to me in the article I refer to is a just rebuke I should try to improve my life by regarding it.

Quoting my remarks before the Legislative Committee from Albany you say of them: "Mr. Moulton, of course, made these remarks as an interested party, and as one who wished to lower, in the estimation of the public, an article which interfered with his business; but so far as to Oilymargarine being sold by 'dark lantern methods' Mr. Moulton says what is strictly true."

Oilymargarine does not interfere with my business, for I am not engaged in the Butter trade. I have only opposed its fraudulent sale. My representations in regard to it have always been based on facts, and a selfish interest in these representations has never been attributed to me by but one merchant, whose misrepresentations were made to screen himself as an agent for its sale while President of the International Dairy Fair Association. * * * I know you would not do me or any other man an injustice, and I have written what I submit to you simply for the sake of pointing out your misconception of my position. Your obedient servant,

FRANCIS D. MOULTON.

We gladly give insertion to such portions of Mr. Moulton's letter, as affect him personally and are likely to interest our readers. Oilymargarine is, by these "dark lantern methods," we are assured on good authority, placed before customers for butter at the best restaurants on Fifth Avenue. Respectable grocers who wish to retain their customers will soon have to put up inside their stores "No Oilymargarine sold here," and to give the names of their butter merchant and a guarantee of their honesty. We would strongly recommend all persons who wish to eat butter and not Oilymargarine, to put their grocers through a severe course of questioning on the subject, and if any suspicion arises, to have the article properly tested; and if fraud or misrepresentation are discovered, to vigorously prosecute the offender. Why don't the concoctors of the precious compound, to avoid all this trouble, dye Oilymargarine pink?

IN A CHURCH.

I sat within a cushioned pew:

The minister said nothing new.

To pass the time I leafed a book,

And on its fly-leaf chanced to look—

A book of psalms and hymns and prayer,

One evidently used with care.

But on the fly-leaf, as I've said,

The following inscription read:

"Amelia and Jerome Suydams—

This book is Hers—It's Hims and Sams."

Nor then, nor now, I could not guess

Exactly what the words express.

The question still comes up: is she

The owner of the plural three?

JOHN ALBRO.

Puckings.

THE syllable "leo," in Oleomargarine, means that it is as strong as a lion.

IT is said that Tom and Jerry are satisfied with what they have done during the past five months.

A COUNTRY farmer says that "gate money" is that which is expended for the damage caused by Jim and Kate.

ANOTHER awful accident on the Hudson River R. R.!—Yesterday a train ran into the Grand Central Dépôt.

SEVERAL of a party of tramps insulted a lady, and one of them took her part. He was the noblest Roam 'un of them all.

THERE was an Ohio man who did not look for an office from President Garfield. He was blown up by gunpowder last Fall.

A SCHOOL-TEACHER of a Western town, who has a habit of pinching her pupils, is called a "lusher" because she takes so many nips.

THE doctors, in blue mass assembled, were not at a loss last evening for a subject.—*Commercial Advertiser.*

They object to their patients taking perpetual mud baths.

CIRCUSES now advertise themselves as the "Greatest Show on Earth," and ministers warn their congregations that it is a wicked show and the greatest show on earth.

IT is now that the young baseball player imagines there is no future for him because he is kept home from a match to rake up the garden rubbish and get ready for a digging bee.

AS THE Albany Assemblymen vote for death and dirt in the streets, we have no reason to hope that they will protect our lives in their dealings with the Elevated Railroads. Insisting on the adoption of the "block" system would be as bad as having a clean city.

IN the old poem we are told that "Jack fell down and broke his crown, and Gill came tumbling after." If Mr. W. F. Gill would, in the slang of the day, only tumble to himself, without waiting for a precedent, he would confer a favor on a large portion of the populace.

"YES," said Captain Williams the other day, "the mud was left there for the people's good. I had intended to plant orange-groves and apple-trees and grape-vines, so that the people next summer could go out to their doors and pluck off the fruit; but the people don't know a philanthropist when they see him."

No, we are not giving anything to the Poe Monument Subscription this week, thank you. But we will subscribe liberally to a fund to buy a pair of nickel-plated brass brackets with silver nails, to attach to each side of Mr. William Fearing Gill's lower jaw, for the purpose of supporting his overplus of cheek.

GAMBETTA dropped round to see President Grévy the other evening, and when he was leaving the house he inquired:

"M. Grévy, est-ce que vous êtes en faveur du scrutin de liste ce soir?"

"Non, monsieur," replied the President: "pas ce soir."

"Alors, quelqu'autre soir?"

"Bon soir!"

And he lit out. (*Il s'éclairait dehors.*)

THE LARGEST GILL ON RECORD.

MR. W. F. GILL is working a great deal too hard to organize a "Poet's Festival" at the Academy of Music on the 23rd of this month. This novel entertainment is to commemorate the birth of Shakspeare and to raise funds for a monument to Edgar Allan Poe.

We do not know how much money Mr. Gill is likely to raise from his "Poet's Festival," if it ever comes off; but we do know that whatever cash he does get will be misapplied if it is devoted to a Poe Memorial. It ought to go, every cent of it, to a monument to Gill. It may be objected that a monument should be raised only to people who are dead; but we do not see that this need be any hindrance. No one will interfere with Mr. Gill if he sees fit to quit this life for one—well, remoter.

Mr. Gill deserves a monument, a pillar of shining brass, for his grand, incomparable cheek. If the book-agents of the country only knew of him, they would subscribe royally to a fund for this purpose. If he belonged to their profession, he would be *facile princeps* among them all. His claims to this distinction can not be gainsayed. We referred, some weeks ago, to his modest performance in the matter of the "Poe Benefit." Since then, he has capped the climax of audacity. The other day he announced that a number of distinguished people would appear at his "Festival" and read poems or make speeches. Of these names ten were used without authority, and the victims have remonstrated in various ways. Mr. O. W. Holmes, Dr. Holland, Mr. John Boyle O'Reilly, Mr. R. W. Gilder, Mr. G. P. Lathrop, Mr. C. De Kay, Mr. Parke Godwin, Mr. R. H. Stoddard and Mr. Walt Whitman are among the ten. Mr. Stedman carelessly allowed his name to be used; but has orally expressed his dislike of the whole scheme. Miss Margaret J. Preston alone, a lady living out of town, and presumably ignorant of the nature of the performance, appears as a *bona fide* contributor to the festival. The show is thus boiled down to Mr. Gill, Miss Preston, and "one-hundred-and-fifty young ladies from the fashionable circles," who are to appear in tableaux vivants. We have yet to hear whether the announcement of the appearance of the one-hundred-and-fifty young ladies from the fashionable circles is made on the same peculiar plan as that adopted in announcing the appearance of the poets who have disowned Mr. Gill and all his works.

And all this time Mr. Gill rests under accusations affecting his personal probity, accusations made privately by respectable individuals and publicly by respectable newspapers.

If this does not show what may fairly be called a monumental cheek, we do not know what there is left for Mr. Gill to do to prove his title clear to a superlative degree of audacity.

He ought to have a monument, and it ought to be erected in Greenwood cemetery, and Mr. Gill ought to volunteer to fill out any vacancy in the real estate underneath it.

"IMPROMPTU."

PUCK publishes an original "Impromptu" by Wentworth Rollins which is remarkably good, oh, extraordinarily good; especially as an impromptu. It has never seemed to us so good since we wrote it for Mr. Rollins, about three years ago. Its original title was "Rolling Round the Rink." Always glad to see our old impromptus turning up.—*Phila. Bulletin.*

This delicate and good-humored intimation, as well as a private letter from Mr. J. G. Dalton, the clever author of "Lyra Bicyclica," makes it clear to us that Mr. Wentworth Rollins has practised a small and ungentlemanly trick.

It does not, we will admit, create in us any inordinate surprise. "Impromptu," or rather "Rolling Round the Rink," was a bright piece

of verse, and we know where to look for bright things, as a rule. The Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin* is a good place. Mr. Wentworth Rollins's office, it appears, is not.

Still, our mistake was pardonable. When the MS. showed us that Mr. Rollins could write and spell, we were prepared to believe him capable of any literary feat, and in our innocent surprise we inserted the poem, as soon as his New York rink had failed, so that its publication could not be construed as an advertisement of his concern, but might fall like healing balm upon his disappointed spirit. We are sorry that our holy compassion was wasted.

But, while we are about it, we should like to even the account, as it were. We have, most unwittingly, appropriated a good thing from the *Bulletin* without giving credit. The gain is ours, we admit. Yet why, oh, why did the *Bulletin* take one of our own pet lambs of original humor the other day? It was PUCK, and not the Boston *Courier*, who first propounded the conundrum: "What's the difference between a man going to Plymouth Church and a lover about to propose?" And it was PUCK, and not the *Bulletin*, who answered it himself: "One is going to see Beecher and the other to beseech her." Only PUCK originally put it a little more neatly. That was a very popular little conundrum after we started it, three years ago. Shall we cry quits, O *Bulletin*, on the plagiarism question?

NO GREAT WONDER.

THE contest over the will of John Jacob Astor Bristed, a gentleman who left a few trifling bits of real and personal property valued at \$500,000 (not much for an Astor), has been postponed until May 24th. A witness before the surrogate last week thus testified: "I have been his classmate at school. On his return from Europe he acted very strangely. He wandered about the streets and said he wanted to return to Europe. He appeared to have no idea of the value of money. I once saw him give \$10 to a beggar." This extraordinary prodigality in a man worth \$500,000 quite unhinged the confidence of the Astor family in Mr. Bristed's sanity, and it is therefore not strange that a contest over his last will and testament has been the result. It furnishes probably the only evidence on record where a member of this extremely provident and thoughtful family ever gave anything away. No wonder there is a contest.

WASHINGTON'S NEW ALPHABET.

A is the Army of seekers for place:
B is Jim Blaine, who attends to their case.
C is Lord Conkling, with conceit quite immense.
D is Judge Davis, who has dropped off the fence.
E is the Embassy each applicant seeks:
F is the French, which none of them speaks.
G is James Garfield, who bosses the roast.
H is Ben Hill, somewhat given to boast.
I is the Indian, who of Schurz is quite sick,
J is Tom James; like a stamp may he stick!
K is for Kellogg, who makes Jonas swear:
L, Louisiana, which owns the nice pair.
M is Mahone, with two sides to his coat:
N is the Negro he would give a fair vote.
O is the Offices, for which mortals pray:
P is the President, who gives them away.
Q is the Quorum they have sought with such zest.
R is Judge Robertson, of "half-breeds" the best.
S is the Stalwarts, who did Garfield save:
T is the Taffy unto them Garfield gave.
U is the Union, for which none seems to care.
V is for Virtue, among statesmen quite rare.
W is Windom, who our finance will run:
X is 'Xtravagance, which we pray he will shun.
Y is the Yarns at which Senators quake.
Z is the Zero Blaine of Conkling would make:
& then he expects Garfield's office to take.

ARTHUR LOT.

A LETTER FROM R. GREENSPAHN.

NEW YORK April 19th, 1881.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

You have stated, in one of your last puckliations, that, besides being the great German-American Poet, I was also a great artist in pictures.

This is a misunderstanding! I am *not* a great artist in pictures; I am *only* a great Poet.

I am a Poet of the poorest water, and that is why I don't take with the masses. As a pictorial artist I am very inferior, wherefore I am very popular. I have spent a great deal of time and artists' material to no purpose, and cannot paint much.

But Poetry! Poetry is a horse of another color. That comes natural and easy to me. I have been born with Poetry, and can do it blindfolded, with my left arm tied behind my back. I have never taken any lessons in Poetry, and never studied metric. We have a meter in our basement, but I never use it. I only have a poetical license, which I use very much—in fact, I use it all the time.

I have often done poems in ordinary lead-pencil, and, if you wish, I can faber you with one for your next number. The cold weather prevents me from going out to see nature bud, and I have to make my spring songs on the lounge.

The one I have just finished I call "The Last Spring in the Lounge." Take it. I pay liberally for reading it. I pay ten cents a line. I am not, like your Dusenbury, always crying for money. When a man does me a faber and reads my poems, he is entitled to a remuneration. That's me! I have the miens to do it. The money I loose on pictures I spend again on Poetry.

A Poet, nowadays, has to be well versed, I tell you! The old Poets were better off; they had more elbow-room. They have written about all and everything, and have left very little for us to poet about. They are celebrated and immortal simply because they were first. There is no art in being prior! If I had been born in 1411, I would be one of the oldest Poets now living. Sure! Just think what a man Edison would be if he had been born only a few thousand years before Christ.

• He would have invented the first plow and the first darning-needle! But, no! I am certain he would have invented the printing-press before the darning-needle, since Edison, without the printing-press would be absurd to think of! Edison and myself are always in conflict with other men's doings, because we were born afterwards.

Some of my finest stanzas, they say, came from Byron! What is that to me? The other day I found that there had been something rotten in the State of Danemark. According to that fact I began to write a heavy tragedy, and when I came as far as the ghost, my friends said that this was a play called "Hamlet," written by an Englishman with the name of Shakesbeer several hundred years ago! Fiddlestick Shakesbeer! I am beginning to hate the old Poets! They interfere too much! Feel for me.

Yours trooly,

RODERICH GREENSPAHN,
Pencilvania Poet.

N. B.—I stated that I could do Poetry in ordinary lead-pencil, and should like to add that I only use pencil for light journalistic ware, and that it won't wash. For my heavy poems, which I make for books, I use indullable ink. I find this fluid most excellent! You had better let the native-born Poets know of this ink. It is the only way to make their things last. You may use it also, Mr. Editor. I don't mind.

R. G.

THE STREETS OF NEW YORK.—No. VI.



Ten Little Legislators standing in a line,—One got run over by a coffin cart, and then there were Nine.



Nine Little Legislators poking round with sticks,
Three fell down an excavation, and then there were Six.



Six Little Legislators very much alive,
One got asphyxiated, and then there were Five.



Five Little Legislators wandering far and free,
Two got over their heads in mud, and then there were Three.



Three Little Legislators, ere their work was done,
Two got lost, and then there was One.



One Little Legislator blowing out the gas—

THE LEGISLATIVE INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE

That Came Down to New York to See If the Streets were Really Dirty.



Ten Little Legislators went home on a dead-head pass.

THE FIRST CASE ON RECORD.

THE STORY OF MR. BRICE HENDERSON.



UNTO PUCK office, on Monday last, there came a sad-looking man, who realized very fully Victor Hugo's description:

"His hat was old, his clothes worn, his coat was out at the elbows. The water passed through his shoes and the stars through his soul." He said:

"I have here an article which, kind sir, I would like to have published."

From his pocket he pulled a musty sheet of manuscript, badly worn at the corners, often-folded and in an obvious state of decrepitude.

"Here it is."

"Who are you?" I asked sympathetically. He blushed.

"Think no less of me for telling the truth. I am a private divorce detective."

I instinctively moved everything of value on the desk within reach away from him.

"Do you want evidence?"

"No! I want justice."

"Justice? Who has wronged you?"

"Read this," he said, and with hand trembling he passed me the manuscript. I read:

A TRUE STORY.

Kind reader, I crave your attention. My name is Brice Henderson. I am a private divorce detective. For 12 years, amid contempt, neglect, contumely and violence, I have been for pay a searcher after evidence. I have done my duty to the best of my ability, and have performed all the hated requirements of my unhappy trade.

I have perjured myself whenever necessary, and sworn to everything my employers asked.

I have "sold out" every person who engaged me, and blackmailed everyone I could.

I have never, intentionally, respected a confidence or done a good deed.

I have never given one of my clients a bit of information without first going to the opposite side and offering to withhold it if they paid me more.

I have associated with the worst class of persons, and made myself, as far as I could, prefer their society.

For twelve years I have practised without blushing every available and conceivable villainy, and can not reproach myself for any inconsistency on that score.

One day last week, and for the first time in my career, I acted squarely. Don't be surprised. It is the truth. I was faithful to the man who employed me. I refused to sell him out. I declined to perjure myself by swearing to things which were not true. I was instrumental in shielding and protecting an innocent person and in unmasking a villain. I did not do it for pay. I refused money. The other side offered me more, but I would not take it. This is the first case on record of the kind in my trade, and I think you ought to know of it. I would swear to it legally, but then I know that no one would believe it. But it is really the truth. I have done for once the square thing, a good deed.

"Well," said I, "what of this?"

"Would you believe," said Mr. Henderson, "that I have taken this story to every newspaper in New York, and that all have refused it?"

"On what ground?"

"That it would be impossible, preposterous,

a fiction; that no private divorce detective could have done such a thing."

"Did they give any reasons?"

"The editors said: 'Such a case has never been known. We have never heard of such a marvel of honesty in your trade for a quarter of a century. You must be perpetrating a joke.' I protested. But they would not have it. I am weary with trying to get it printed."

"You look a trifle 'off.'"

"Oh, sir! I don't feel like my former self any more. The consciousness of being square preys heavily upon me. I am a different man. My only thought is, Oh! if I could get this printed before I die. Kind sir, perhaps you can help me?"

"Henderson," I said, "it is a risky thing for a journalist to attempt to justify the truth of a story which, as you must understand, seems on its face to be an utter impossibility. It would be taken everywhere for a joke. No paper which publishes only news would dare to print it."

"Ah! That is why they sent me to PUCK. In your columns it would not look so strange. There it might even appear natural. Oh, promise me that you will do your best to have it printed!"

I said I would do my level best, and that no square man could do any more. When I returned with the cheering information that it would be printed, I found him weeping. He seemed to be crying for joy.

"Thanks, oh, thanks, kind sir," he gasped. "You have been so good to me. Tell me what shall I do now?"

"Henderson," said I, "it would take an older man than I am to advise you. But, were I in your place, I'll tell you what I should do."

"Yes, you, kind sir, tell me."

"I would go to some wholesale glass-house and have my measure taken. I would then have a glass case made. It would be of the best quality of the French imported article, thick, staunch, impervious to ordinary blows and the effects of the weather. I would have it mounted on wheels. Over the top I would have cut in gilt letters: 'A Curiosity.' I would get in that glass case and be exhibited. But first I would open correspondence with P. T. Barnum, Adam Forepaugh and the Sells Brothers, and exact a good weekly salary and a percentage of the gross receipts. You could retire at the end of the first season, and, if you kept out of the Law and of Wall Street, there is no good reason why your will should not be worth contesting and a marble monument raised over your remains."

"I will do whatever you say—to-day."

"Good day."

"Not a cold day."

"Save me a ticket. Day, day!"

ERNEST HARVIER.

TO KITTY.

In the bustling toil of the city,
In the midst of its turmoil and care,
I dream all day long of my Kitty,
So accomplished a maiden and fair.

Her form is ever before me,
Her voice ever rings in my ear,
I pray she may some day adore me,
Who has in my eyes not a peer.

When I sit all alone in the gloaming,
And dream of things that are past,
Wherever my thoughts may be roaming,
They return to my Kitty at last.

I hear the light touch of her fingers
As they press on the ivory key,
And long the sweet melody lingers,
'Tis the sweetest of music to me.

Bright gem of this Island City,
For you I'm committing a crime,
I pen this amative ditty,
Your name being easy to rhyme.

C. E. G.

FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

NO. CLXIX.

CITY POLITICAL APPOINTMENTS.



Ya-as, although I have been in this countwy faw thwee or four ye-ahs, I am yet unable to comprehend on what principle the government of the city is conducted.

I have twied verwy hard to learn all about it, and have listened to Demo-

cratic and Wepublican politicians' explanations and wemarks on the subject, but I am not in the least degwee wisah.

There are so many instances of stwange we-sults arwising fwom nobody in authorwity undahstanding what his welations are with anothah person immediately above him, that it is extremely difficult to know which particulah affai-ah to descwibe.

Howevah, I am extremely amused at something which just at the pwesent is going on befaw the Lord Mayor of New York. It will be wembered that I weferred recently to the condition of the stwets of New York.

Well, the fellaws who wule the police, and are called Commissioners, are supposed to be wesponsible faw the dirt and wubbish which are allowed to block up the thorwoughfares.

The Lord Mayor of New York has the pwivilege of deciding what particulah individuals are to have charge of the police as Commissionahs.

These nominations have to be confirmed by a body of wetchedly common Aldermen who do not at all wesemble the London fellaws of that name, who, as is well known, subsist almost exclusively on t-t-turtle soup.

It is a comparatively easy thing to get confirmed, but in the event of any derwelicion of duty there appe-ahs to be no powah on earth that can wemove them, no mattah how gweat the cwimes they have committed may be.

Getting in aw, ye see, is entirely differwnt fwom going out.

The Lord Mayor of New York, whose name is Gwace, was naturwally verwy much disgusted with the mud and garbage in the stwets, which he could not help observing everwy time he went out into the stwets, and has called upon the Commissioners to explain the weason.

These curwious cweachahs, the Commissioners, deny that they are wesponsible faw anything, and assert that they have done their best, and pwoclain loudly that they are not fwightedened of anybody or anything.

I can quite believe them; but the most widiculous thing is that these fellaws, in going befaw the Lord Mayor, are actually allowed to have barwistahs to plead their cause.

They then pwocceed to deny the jurwisdiction of the Lord Mayor, and abuse him like a pick-pocket faw finding fault with them.

I think it is verwy doubtful if he will evah be able to get wid of these people, no mattah how atwocious their offenses.

It could be done undah a monarchy, but undah a wepublic it is not at all pwacticable.

A man once in an office in Amerwica may be always sure of wemaining in it, even if he is guilty of wobberwy, murdah, forgerwy, or all the cwimes in the calendar.

Aw ye see, he doesn't stwive aftah the position faw honah. He does it simply faw the salary alone, and maw fwrequently faw the opportunity to wob, swindle, cheat, and make unlawful monetarwy appwopwiations, and distribute patwonaige faw the benefit of his immediate fwriends.

Amerwica is an awfully quee-ah countwy aw.

RURAL NEWS.

On Hemlock Street the lilacs are in bloom,
The band to practice shortly will commence,
The Squonk House now has not a vacant room,
And Mr. Martin's painting up his fence.
Miss Dusenbury's visiting, we hear,
Her maiden aunt at Lower Belvidere.

The winter-school at last has broken up,
Now young men spin the sentimental yarn;
The can will shortly decorate the pup—
New lightning rods appear on Moody's barn.
At Griggs' Rotunda, 27 Frost,
Now calicos are being sold at cost.

The dress-shirt's brightly smiling on the sward,
Miss Jones, who broke her arm, is better now;
Ralph Wood is offering a big reward
To any one who'll find his Turner* cow.
The musk rat for the downy ducklet jumps,
They've put new suckers in the village pumps.

The Baptist Sunday-school its picnic-day
Has promised for the 23d of June;
At Hubbard's Hall, 'tis said, Professor Gray
Will shortly lecture on the sun and moon.
Last week some urchins with a club and hounds
Killed seven skunks that weighed a hundred pounds.

The blue-bird fills the air with music now,
Diphtheria's supreme on Marlow Street,
The hornet sabre swells the youthful brow,
And mint and pansy make the meadow sweet.
The carpet now is hanging in the lane,
And agents, unlike robins, won't refrain.

Miss Johnson, of New York, is now at Green's,
Each day her beauty adoration wins;
The Duke of Grafton's fond of pork and beans,
McGregor's baby's swallowed twenty pins.
The gaudy hat effulgent makes the she.
Use "Scranky;" of all grocers—*A. d. v.*

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

LITERARY NOTES.

"Xenie's Inheritance" is another tale of Russian life by Henry Gréville. It is a story of a noble and beautiful girl sacrificing everything for her much-wronged mother. Laura E. Kendall is the translator, and T. B. Peterson & Brothers, of Philadelphia, the publishers.

A movement is on foot to establish a dramatic Library in this city, for the use of all those connected with or interested in the history and progress of the dramatic art. The proposition, which originated with one of the dramatic critics of this city, has met with immediate favor at the hands of the profession, who are rarely called upon to appear for any object which will rebound to their own benefit.

"How we fed the Baby" is the title of a pamphlet published by Fowler & Wells, written by C. E. Page, M. D., and inappropriately dedicated to Henry S. Bergh. The dedication has prejudiced us against the book, because without examining its pages, we feel quite sure that it will tell us that the best way to feed a baby is by thrashing it, or sticking pins into its flesh. If the work had anything to do with horses or dogs in connection with the name of Mr. Bergh, it would have been all right; but a human being in the case makes all the difference.

"The Artist's Illustrated Thackeray," published by Messrs. Pollard & Moss, publishers and booksellers, 47 John Street, judging by the first volume, promises to be the best and most complete edition of the great satirist's works ever published in this country. When completed—and there will be six volumes in the edition—it will be the only issue containing all Thackeray's writings and the pictures he drew to illustrate his works. The price is moderate, the type large and clear, and the binding and general get-up all that could be desired. On the whole, it is the most attractive work of the kind that has been issued.

* A fabulous quadruped composed of yellows and reds.—R. K. M.

In order to test the capacity and inclination of American college students and graduates for journalism, *The American* of Philadelphia offers \$1,500 in two sets of prizes, twenty-one in all, for the best editorials, the best special essays, and the best poems. The topics are not limited, and the competition is open to college students and to those who have been graduated from American colleges. Mr. Noah Brooks, of the *New York Times*; Mr. Walter Allen, of the *Boston Advertiser*, and Mr. M. P. Handy, of the *Philadelphia Press* are to judge of the editorials and essays. The judges of the poems will be competent for the duty. Their names will be hereafter announced.

We have received from Mr. L. E. Whipple, the music-publisher of 48 Winter Street, Boston, the "PUCK's 19th Century Grand March," by Mr. J. B. Claus. There is the music for a full band of brass and wood. It is described as "brilliant, solid, with no difficulties." Any band can execute it, and Mr. Whipple further tells us that "every good band from ocean to ocean will be sure to use it." The march itself is "respectfully dedicated to Messrs. Keppler & Schwarzmann, New York City, publishers of PUCK and"—it almost makes us blush to print it—"America's best weekly." We thank Messrs. Whipple and Claus for their appreciation of our efforts, and they may depend upon it that the march shall be played by a first-class band, if we have to organize one ourselves to do it.

Answers for the Anxious.

HASELTINE.—Take her to the dog-show.

H. COOLEY GREENE, Meadville, Pa.—We are not giving favorable notices to Oilymargarine at present, thank you, and when we are, we shall probably be able to start up a better article of ode than the delirious cross-section of bedlam you have sent us.

T. EDWIN LEARY.—We can't print your "Jake Bessig;" but we have salted it away to use for our forthcoming dictionary of dead and called-in puns. Such lines as "We knead thee every hour," and "It rises in the yeast" afford us peculiarly rich examples. That poem is a perfect graveyard of puns, in which even the editor of a London comic paper would not dare to wander after dark.

T. G. ELLSWORTH.—We entirely agree with you that the telegraph poles that chock up our streets are unsightly nuisances; but we think it is about an even thing between them and the novel substitute you propose, which looks like something between an aqueduct and an elevated railway. If you have got such a neat way of putting the wires in tubes, why don't you lay those tubes underground at once, and have done with it?

BILLIARD BALL.—We don't care much about suggesting remedies for baldness just at present, thank you. We used to tell inquirers to anoint their heads with a paste composed of equal parts of molasses and vitriol; but paying coroner's fees three times a week discouraged us. Get Scott's electric hairbrush and start a crop that way. Only if you get offers to travel with various shows as the original wild man of Siberia, don't blame us.

E. F. PECK, M. D., Brooklyn.—We would make room for your communication, if it were possible. But we can answer it here, and briefly. When we deprecated a "Senseless Scare" about fires in theatres, we neither implied nor meant to imply that theatres and all other buildings should not be constructed solidly and well. We shall always be glad to raise our voice in favor of a system of fireproof building. But there is no reason why a lot of bad journalists, at a loss for a topic, should devote their energies to frightening people out of theatre-going just because a badly-built opera-house three or four thousand miles away has been burnt up.

With the 7th Regiment Armory, and a myriad of voices, and all the different kinds of musical instruments ever conceived by man, the whole concatenation under the conducting rod of Dr. L. Damrosch, the NEW YORK MUSIC FESTIVAL will be something to talk about for a long time to come. It is announced for May 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th.

AMUSEMENTS.

"Won at Last," was played on Monday night at the BIJOU OPERA HOUSE, with Mr. Steele Mackaye in his original character. The performance well merits notice, which it shall receive next week.

The attenuated and wiry Sadie is with us once more at BOOTH'S THEATRE. She appeared on Monday night last in "la Princesse Georges," of which and the young woman's other personations we shall have more to say in our next.

Tony Denier's "Humpty Dumpty" and Star Pantomime Company have ushered this Easter week at HAVERLY'S BROOKLYN THEATRE. The house, since it has been in existence, has never had such audiences as assembled to enjoy the Comley-Barton Company's "Olivette."

"Olivette" in its popularity reminds one of "Pinafore." The airs are hummed, whistled and played everywhere, and the Comley-Barton troupe, with John Howson and Catherine Lewis, appear to be as much at home with the audiences at the FIFTH AVENUE as if they had been there for a twelvemonth.

The STANDARD THEATRE still keeps "Billee Taylor" going with its pretty setting, admirable stage management, tuneful airs and picturesque costumes. It shows no sign of diminishing in popular favor, and may run until Gilbert and Sullivan's new æsthetic comic opera, which is to be called "Patience," is produced.

The rumor, based no one knows on what, and started no one knows by whom, that Miss Marie Prescott would next season play in the "Princess of Bagdad," receives a vigorous and descriptive denial by Mr. Ernest HaVier, who states that nothing short of a "Countess" will suit the lady in question, such indeed being the name of her drama. They should not stop at Countess, but make it Empress at once.

Jarrett and Rice's "Fun on the Bristol," at HAVERLY'S FOURTEENTH STREET THEATRE, is far above the regular piece of the kind. It is really funny. John F. Sheridan's *Mr. O'Brien and English Officer* are exceedingly clever. Kate Castleton, too, deserves high praise for some of her work. Mr. G. H. Jessop's "Sam'l of Posen," which has met with much favor in Boston, and wherever it has been played, is the succeeding attraction.

Lotta was received at Mr. Abbey's PARK THEATRE, on Monday week last, with the usual amount of enthusiasm and laughter. She is as frisky and as volatile as ever, and hops about like a wild canary. Wretched as is the piece as a dramatic work, in which she opened, "Little Nell and the Marchioness," it nevertheless served to show the peculiar talents of the extraordinary little woman to advantage, and also exhibit the capabilities of a fairly good supporting company.

"The World," at WALLACK'S is a triumph of scenic effect and stage mechanism, and is unquestionably an immense success. There is not a dull moment in the whole play; all is action and excitement. It has no literary merit, and the authors probably did not intend that it should have any; but it will nevertheless run to crowded houses for an unlimited number of nights. There is not, in the multitude of incidents, much room for good acting; but Mr. Tearle, as *Sir Clement Huntingford*, and Mr. Elton, as *Mo Jewell*, an impossible Hebrew scoundrel, made the most of their parts in a highly effective manner.

De Beauplan's Grand Opera will commence operations next Monday evening, at the ACADEMY OF MUSIC, with "les Huguenots." Other announcements are—Tuesday, "la Juive," Wednesday, "Faust," Friday, "Aida," and Saturday night, "l'Africaine." Competent judges, who have heard the company in the South, pronounce it an excellent one. M. Tournie is reported to be a very fine tenor, and not an unworthy rival of Campanini. He was born at Toulouse, is a skillful violinist, and received the first violoncello prize at the *Conservatoire* there at the age of 16. In Paris he also gained high honors by his singing and declamation, and has warbled with much success in Brussels, Lyons and other places.





BETWEEN TWO ROGUES.

A MILLIONAIRE MAGNET.



THE ATTRACTION OF GOLD.

GOOD NIGHT.

TRIOLET.

Good night, sweet Ruth,
I will not beg a kiss—
Nay, do not turn, I speak the truth.
Good night, sweet Ruth,
I do not beg forsooth
In stealing this.
Good night, sweet Ruth,
I will not beg a kiss.

L.

"PENELOPE."

From the French of Ludovic Halévy.

CHAPTER II.

THE very next day after Mr. Gooberson had his interview with the Relict, and before he had quite recovered from the shock, a High Official at Washington—an Official so High that his sacred name must not be mentioned in these pages—received a letter in a handwriting that made him start, hum and haw, and send his private secretary around to the White House to inquire if the President's wife had recovered from her cold and if the President intended to call a meeting on Tuesday week.

Then he opened the letter, did the High Official, and read:

NO. . . . MADISON AVE., NEW YORK,
April 21st.

My dear Mr.

If, after all these years, you have not forgotten an old friend, will you honor me with a

call when you pass through the city next week on your way to Lenox? I have a favor to ask of you. Do not be afraid—it is not to prefer a plea for a promising young statesman—such a plea as I once made to Secretary Benton, ages ago, when I, at least, was younger. It is nothing of the sort—though I might well claim that my confidence in the young statesman's future greatness has been more than justified by subsequent events. May I count upon you?

Your old friend,

A. ALPHONSINA BIGBEE.

P. S.—We dine at seven, you know, like all old-fashioned people. I expect a consignment of terrapin—do you remember how you used to like terrapin?—to arrive on Tuesday from one of the Baltimore Kennards—you remember the Baltimore Kennards?

A. A. B.

"Bless my soul!" said the High Official: "was it *she* who got me my appointment under old Benton? Bless me, bless me! if I had only known it at the time! Well, well. It is strange how well I remember that girl—strange. I'd have known that handwriting among a million, though it's just the handwriting they used to teach every young woman at Madame Chegaray's. I wonder if she has—er—retained—er—her looks."

And then the High Official fell to wondering, in a decidedly low and unofficial way, about various antiquated might-have-beens, and resolved to look up a certain old daguerreotype that he felt sure was stored away among his papers in the vaults of the Capitol.

On Tuesday the High Official was in New York, although in twenty years he had never set out for Lenox before the adjournment of

Congress; and he dropped in, in quite an accidental way, at No. . . . Madison Avenue, just when the hands of the parlor clock marked forty-one minutes past six. He was dressed, of course, although he was traveling, and had told five newspaper reporters that he intended to take the eight o'clock train for Bridgeport.

Mrs. Eli Bigbee was in the front parlor; there was terrapin at dinner, and after dinner he smoked a cigar in Mrs. Eli Bigbee's private drawing-room—(she did not call it a boudoir,)—something that no man had ever done before since Madison Avenue was a cow-path leading to the Bowery Lane.

And when the High Official stood on the high stoop, buttoning up his overcoat, for the night air of April is bad for rheumatism, he said to himself:

"Bless me, bless me! she's not at all like what she used to be when she was Alphonsina Smithson—not at all, not at all! She's a very fine woman, though, very fine—and remarkably well-preserved. Great force of character; I fancy, great. But she has a very attractive manner. After all, for old-school people like myself, there is nothing like the old-school manner. But what a very extraordinary request—bless me, what an ex-tra-or-din-ary request!"

* * * * *

On Friday morning—unlucky Friday morning—Third Lieutenant Barnaby called upon Miss Annetta Everett, to ask her whether she wished to ride in the Park, or whether he could accompany her to Society Library and carry her books to the carriage.

The servant who admitted him went half-way up-stairs before she came back for his card.



Third Lieutenant Barnaby accepted this as an intimation that his informal early calls were becoming sufficiently frequent to be classed as habitual.

He thought the matter over while he waited for Miss Everett to descend.

He thought also over several cognate matters.

When Miss Everett did descend, she was not in her riding habit, and she was quite undecided as to what she should do with her morning.

She was so undecided that it took nearly half-an-hour's confidential discourse to decide that it was too late to do anything, and that Third Lieutenant Barnaby had better stay to lunch and take her afterwards to Professor Grubenhorst's Friday afternoon lectures on the Prehistoric Poetical Literature of the Pommeranian Teutons.

Just as they came to this conclusion, Third Lieutenant Barnaby remarked:

"I wish you were going to be in Washington next week, for the Ambassador's Ball. I got my invitation to-day—at least I suppose it's my invitation—left home in such a hurry that I didn't even open the letter."

And he pulled from his pocket a huge official envelope, with a staring red seal.

"Let me open it," said Miss Everett, smiling.

"I never opened an official letter in my life."

He gave it to her, and she ran a dainty ivory paper-knife through the fold. Then she drew out a large sheet of paper and cast her eye over the contents. Then, with a sudden, strange cry, she rose upright from her chair, and threw herself into Lieutenant Barnaby's arms, crying:

"No, no, no! Don't go—don't go!"

He caught the paper from her hand and read it. Third Lieutenant Barnaby was ordered without delay to join his ship, the "Penelope," in commission at Norfolk, and some considerate department-clerk had penciled on the margin: "Ordered to Polynesian station."

One Saturday morning Mr. Claude Alphonse Bigbee stood in his private office, leaning his head against the partition wall. He was in a state of deep dejection—far deeper than brandy-and-soda could reach. His only approach to solace lay in locking the door and indulging in meditation. Perhaps it is going too far to say this. His intimate friends would have strenuously denied that Alphonse Bigbee could meditate, under any circumstances. But, at least, he could lean against the wall and pretend to meditate.

He certainly felt mournful. For three months he had striven to supplant a miserable third lieutenant in the navy in the affections of a young woman—he, the head of the house of Eli Bigbee & Co. He had been willing to assume the position of pet lap-dog, if in such a position he could oust his rival; but the young lady would not have him at any price, even in a canine capacity.



"Hang it!" he said to himself: "I know I'm a fool—would n't be so awfully stuck if I was n't—but to have that fellow get away with me—it's too much, by Jove! Wonder what he expects to do with her if he should get her to marry him? 'Spect her to live in damp cottage out in Jersey? 'Spect her to travel with him and go to housekeeping in a state-room? Awful front the fellow's got. Now I could make her happy, and she won't give me a show."

He probably finished his speech aloud, for he heard the office-boy snickering on the other side of the partition. He blushed, sighed, and sat down wearily to read the stock-reports in the morning papers.

He took up the *Herald* first, and his indifferent eye fell on a paragraph which caused a sudden and complete change in his mental and physical attitude.

The paragraph was at the end of the Washington despatch. It stated briefly:

"Third Lieutenant Barnaby is assigned to duty on the 'Penelope,' which sails for the South Pacific on Monday."

Mr. Claude Alphonse Bigbee sat up straight when he read this. The dejection vanished from his aspect, his eye became bright with a business-like glint, a yard of new backbone seemed to have been slipped into him by some mysterious power. He unlocked the door and called sharply to Mr. Gooberson:

"Now then, how long am I going to wait for that balance sheet?"

And Gooberson, the mild old slave of the desk, meekly bore him the neat red-ruled sheet, and never once hinted that it had been waiting for the head of the firm a good week.

* * * * *

Miss Annetta Everett's aunt, with whom she lived, was at home every Sunday evening, in an informal way, to particular friends and the members of the family. When Sunday evening arrived, Mr. Claude Alphonse Bigbee called, like a dutiful nephew, and was told that Miss Everett had a severe headache, and could not leave her aunt.

Mr. Claude Alphonse Bigbee entertained his aunt all the rest of the evening.

(To be continued.)

PARODY ON "WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE!"

Woodman, spare dot dree,

Douch nod von single vlower,

Midt youdths idt sheldter me

In schildhood's heeppy hour.

Idt vas mine quarter fardder's handt

Dot kicked idt near his house—

Now, voodman, ledt him shandt,

Your axe vas nix cum arouse!

Dot schmall olt vamily dree,

Whose chlory vas nod known,

Vas sphread mit lant und sea—

Und vouldst douth knock him town?

No, voodman! now you shandt.

Shut loose its neck-bound ties—

Oh, spare dot aged blant,

Now bointing midt der skies.

Mine shoesthrings round dee cling,

Close midt your park, old vriendt!

Here shall der vile rose sing,

Und still dhy pranches pendt.

Old dree! now just pehave.

Und, voodman, leave der spot,

Vile I got handts to shave,

Dhy axe shall shave me not.

—W. O. Jones.

It is understood that the gentlemen who have been asked to become president of the world's fair will soon hold a mass meeting, if they can find a building big enough.—*Boston Post.*

THE AUTOMATIC LIAR.

He came in gently but firmly, and felt in his pocket for something. Finally he found what looked a little like an egg-beater and some like a new kind of speed indicator.

"I want to show you," he said kindly, "an office-dial to hang on your door, so that when you are away your clients will know where you are, and when you will return. For instance, by turning the thumb-screw, the dial will show:

"At court,

"At dinner,

"At supper,

"At bank,

"At post-office,

etc., etc., with the time you will return. There are sixty-four combinations which cover all cases of this kind necessary for the man of business, and it is no doubt the greatest achievement of mechanical ingenuity. Price, \$1.50."

"No," said Mr. Biteoffmorethanhecouldchaw, "there are twenty-seven reasons why it would not be advisable for me to purchase your automatic bulletin. Firstly, I have but one client, and he can not read. He would only come and look at the indicator and kick it all to pieces and swear and go away. Secondly, your machine is incomplete, anyway. The inventor has signally failed to meet the popular want. It would only be an aggravation to the average attorney.

"I can think of a hundred things that ought to be added to a truthful indicator. Supposing that I have gone to the circus, or to a meeting of the vestry, or suppose I am drunk, or at a reunion of the Y. M. C. A., or out to eat a clove with a member of the bar, or at a camp meeting, or putting up the clothes-line at home? Or, going still further, suppose I am wringing out the clothes, or setting bread, or taking a bath, or wrestling with the delirium tremens, or toning down a rebellious corn, or putting Paris green on my squash bugs, or inspecting microscopically the homœopathic fragment of ice that the kind-hearted ice man has prescribed for me?

"Or, going still further into detail, supposing that I am dead and cannot state with any degree of accuracy where I am or when I shall return, do you suppose that I would herald a glittering \$1.50 lie to the world by saying that I was at the barber shop and would be back at 10:30?

"Do you think I would pay \$1.50 for a machine to vicariously proclaim to the broad universe that I was at the bank, when I have no business with the bank?

"Do you suppose that I would advertise that I was at the post office when I was at the beer garden, or assert that I was at the court house, when, as a matter of fact, I was at that moment having a preparation of lemon-peel and other chemicals arranged for myself and another invalid in a cool retreat down town?

"No, sir! I spurn you and your cast-iron prevaricator. I promised my dying mother, who afterwards recovered, that I would never lie by machinery.

"If I cannot lie enough to keep up with the growing demand, I will resign like a man, and not call to my aid a cheap Jim Crow, hand-me-down-liar, costing \$1.50 only.

"Always do right, and then you will never be put to shame.

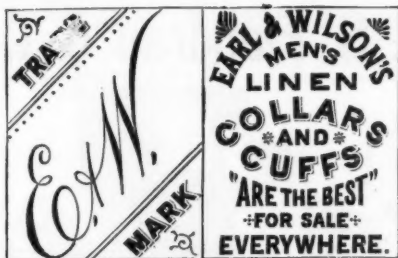
"If you wish, you can leave the hall door ajar as you go out the main entrance."

Exit advance agent at upper left hand entrance, orchestra playing something soft and yielding.—"Bill Nye and Boomerang. By Bill Nye.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.
THE GENUINE
CROWN TOOTH BRUSHES
BEAR THIS STAMP.

THE CROWN BRUSH
LONDON MADE
WARRANTED PERFECT

FINE SILK HATS, \$3.20; worth \$5.00; DERBIES, \$1.90; worth \$3.00. 15 New Church Street, up stairs.



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Samples and Circulars mailed free.
KEEP MANUFACTURING COMPANY,
STORES:
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CELEBRATED HATS.
178 & 180 Fifth Ave., New York 179 Broadway, near
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And PALMER HOUSE, - CHICAGO, ILL.
CORRECT STYLES, EXTRA QUALITY.
LYON'S FINE SILK UMBRELLAS AND WALKING STICKS.
LADIES' RIDING AND WALKING HATS.

A VERY dismal form of foolery is now disagreeably prevalent in the "funny" department of a goodly number of newspapers. This consists of making such inquiries as "Whom did the mill-dam?" "Where was the down-cast?" "Where did the side-walk?" and so on *ad infinitum*. This, it should be understood, is alleged to be "humor." Some *Bungtown Banner* grinds out a page or so of the stuff, and then some other gifted humorist on the *Kankakee Columbian* quotes the mush from the *Banner*, and adds another page or so of his own, and so it goes. Our much-vaunted American newspaper humor has taken many forms, from the brightest of the bright to the silliest of the silly, but for genuine iron-clad idiocy the above-mentioned species has the undisputed championship. Amen!—*Cleveland Voice*.

THE rogues who drilled into and blew open the town safe in Mansfield, the other night, found, when they had got it open, that it was not only empty, but unlocked, and they could have opened the door by a turn of the handle. They were so mad and disgusted that they wondered why they didn't die.—*Boston Post*. Now all the banks will be adopting the Mansfield plan.—*Phila. Bulletin*.

You Must Try It.

Do not despair, even if you have suffered for years from weak kidneys and torpid bowels. Kidney-Wort has cured hundreds of cases of from five to thirty years standing. This remedy is prepared both dry and liquid. See adv.

Greenfield's DELICIOUS CANDIES

FRESH DAILY,
SENT TO ANY PART OF THE COUNTRY ON RECEIPT
OF MONEY—40 AND 60 CENTS PER POUND.
OUR FINE CHOCOLATES AND BONBONS MUST BE
TRIED TO BE APPRECIATED.
909 BROADWAY, near 20th St.
NEW YORK CITY.



Also, No. 379 SIXTH AVENUE
Middle of Block, 23rd and 24th Sts.
SIX DRESS SHIRTS TO MEASURE, FOR \$9.
Under Shirts and Drawers for Spring Wear,
50 cts., 75 cts. and \$1.
Pepperell Jean Drawers (own make) 50 cts. pair.
Catalogues sent on application.

Beware of Wire and Other So-called Magnetic Brushes. They injure the Scalp and Promote Baldness. Remember that Dr. Scott's is the Only **ELECTRIC** Brush in the World, and Made of Pure Bristles. If You Have Bought a Wire, Metallic, or any Magnetic Brush, Thinking it Was This One, You Have Been Imposed Upon.

DR. SCOTT'S ELECTRIC HAIR BRUSH.

A MARVELLOUS SUCCESS!!
NOW RECOMMENDED BY OUR BEST PHYSICIANS.

Which has won its way to Royal favor in England, been cordially endorsed by the Prince and Princess of Wales, and written upon by the Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone, is now brought to the notice of the American public. It cures by natural means, will always do good, never harm, and is a remedy lasting for many years. It should be used daily in place of the ordinary Hair Brush. The Brush Handle is made of a new odorless composition resembling ebony; a combination of substances **PRODUCING A PERMANENT ELECTRO-MAGNETIC CURRENT WHICH ACTS IMMEDIATELY UPON THE HAIR GLANDS AND FOLLICLES.** This power can always be tested by a silver compass which accompanies each Brush.

IT IS WARRANTED TO
CURE NERVOUS HEADACHE IN 5 MINUTES!!
CURE BILIOUS HEADACHE IN 5 MINUTES!!
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PREVENT FALLING HAIR AND BALDNESS!!
CURE DANDRUFF & DISEASES OF THE SCALP!!
PROMPTLY ARRESTS PREMATURE GRAYNESS!!
MAKES THE HAIR GROW LONG AND GLOSSY!!
IMMEDIATELY SOOTHES THE WEARY BRAIN!!
MONEY RETURNED IF NOT AS REPRESENTED!!
Used as a Flesh Brush Quickly Cures Rheumatism.

It rarely fails to produce a rapid growth of hair on bald heads, where the glands and follicles are not totally destroyed.

Proprietors:
The Pall Mall Electric Association
of London.
NEW YORK BRANCH:
842 BROADWAY.

"I would not take \$1,000 for my Brush"
If I could not replace it. Its effect is marvellous." Mr. Smith is a gentleman well known in this City as a Law Publisher, and also a Director in several Public Institutions of New York. **PLINY F. SMITH.**
Head Office "Domestic" Sewing Machine Co., NEW YORK.

DR. GEO. A. SCOTT—DEAR SIR: Permit me to add the testimony of my wife to that of the many others who have been benefited by the use of your Electric Brush. She has for years been a sufferer from Neuralgia in an acute form, but since I obtained for her one of your Brushes, she has experienced entire relief. Please accept her thanks. **HENRY BARTLETT.**

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A BEAUTIFUL BRUSH, LASTING FOR YEARS.
We will send it on trial, postpaid, on receipt of \$3.
Inclose 10 cents extra for registration, and we guarantee safe delivery into your hands; or will send it by express, C. O. D., at your expense, with privilege of opening and examining. But expressage adds considerably to your cost. Or request your nearest Druggist or Fancy Store to obtain one for you, and be sure Dr. Scott's name is on the box.

ASK FOR DR. SCOTT'S BRUSH. TAKE NO OTHER.
See that name is on the box.

Mention this Paper.
As soon as you receive the Brush, if not well satisfied with your bargain, write us, and we will return the money. What can be fairer? The Proprietors of this Publication know Dr. Scott to be respectable and trustworthy, Brush has been placed in the hands of Mayor Cooper and Postmaster James of New York, as a guarantee of good faith.
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AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY TOWN. LIBERAL DISCOUNT TO THE TRADE.

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We have now in store our Spring Importation of Rich and Elegant Carpets: consisting of Chenille Axminsters, Royal Wiltons and Body Brussels, in Ecru, Old Gold, Peacock Blue, and Pompeian Red grounds, all in Exclusive Styles.

We strongly recommend our celebrated "Gordon Chenille Axminsters;" these Carpets are fully equal to the best imported at little more than one-half the cost; all in the latest designs and colorings.

The sale of cheap Brussels, Moquettes, Tapestries and Ingrains in both American and English still continues.

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WEBER. MANUFACTURER OF GRAND, SQUARE and UPRIGHT PIANOS.

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Be careful of Imitators, and note the Number of our Establishment, as we have no connection whatever with any other House on the Bowery.

Fine Cassimere Pants, Made to Order. \$4.00
Elegant Suits, Made to Order. \$16.00

ARTISTIC CUTTING.

SAMPLES, FASHION PLATE, AND RULES FOR SELF-MEASUREMENT SENT FREE ON APPLICATION.

CHAMPLIN'S LIQUID PEARL.

Testimonials of Distinguished Ladies:

LOTTA.—For the future I shall use no other.
JANAUSCHEK.—Superior to the one I bring from Paris.
TITIENS.—Your Liquid Pearl is an excellent cosmetic.
MRS. D. P. BOWERS.—Free from injurious effects.
PATI.—Send five dozen of your Liquid Pearl.
CUMMINS.—I consider it without comparison.

HAMANN & KOCH. AMERICAN AND SWISS

WATCHES.

A FINE ASSORTMENT OF FRENCH CLOCKS.
ALL KINDS OF FINE JEWELRY AND

DIAMONDS.

No. 5 Maiden Lane.

CONSULATE DECLINED.—No, we are not a Candidate for the Consulate at the Bifandovlandloosha Ghalba. We were, we admit that. But, learning that that last Consul was served up on toast at a State dinner, while the one before him was served raw at an informal lunch, we have withdrawn our acceptance of the appointment, in order to relieve President Garfield from complicating appointments, and leave the field clear to an Ohio man.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

EDWIN BOOTH is too deuced exclusive and aristocratic even for the English. They cannot understand it, don't you know. A blasted play-actor, by Jove, keeping as much h' alone as vun of the royal family; such presumption is simply 'orrid.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

THE confidential adviser of the new Czar is Pobedonostzeff, formerly his tutor. If the Czar can pronounce the name of his confidential adviser without fracturing his jaw he may safely be pronounced bomb-proof.—*Norristown Herald.*

THE new settlers in Texas will find plenty of elbow room, if nothing else. One of them writes that he has "the Rio Grande for a bathtub, and all Mexico for a back yard."—*San Francisco Post.*

THE inhabitants of the Cannibal Islands have discovered trichinae in an American missionary. This is a sad blow at one of the country's leading exports.—*Phila. Kronicle-Herald.*

"TRICHINAE and beans, Mr. Johnson?" "No, thanks, Mrs. Thinbone, not this morning; I prefer my beans à l'Armée de Potomac."—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

A BROOKLYN fashion paper stated that "maiden's blush" was a fashionable color, and none of the readers had any idea of what it was like.—*Boston Post.*

JUSTICE used to be represented blind-folded, but according to modern style smoked glasses are the thing. The world moves.—*Oil City Derrick.*

CARLYLE said George Eliot's writings were simply dull. The old man preferred clear vinegar to milk for a regular drink.—*N. O. Picayune.*

Profit, \$1,200.

"To sum it up, six long years of bed-ridden sickness, costing \$200 per year, total \$1,200—all of this expense was stopped by three bottles of Hop Bitters, taken by my wife. She has done her own housework for a year since, without the loss of a day, and I want everybody to know it, for their benefit."—*N. E. Farmer.*

Ladies who would combine beauty and comfort in dressing the feet should use the German Corn Remover.

THOS. BAILEY Plumber and Practical Sanitary Engineer,
10th Avenue, cor. 151st St., N. Y.

BEATTY'S ORGANS, 17 Stops, 5 Set
Golden Tongue Reeds, only \$35. Address
Daniel F. Beatty, Washington, N. J.

\$72 A WEEK. \$12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Address Truss & Co., Augusta, Maine.

For Breakfast! CHOCOLAT MENIER.

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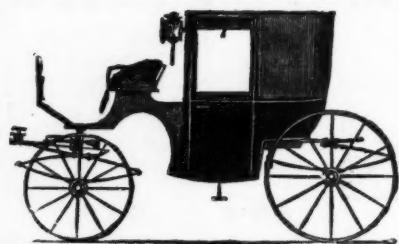
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THE GREAT SUMMER DRINKS.
Refreshing and Invigorating.
CANTRELL & COCHRANE'S
DUBLIN AND BELFAST
GINGER ALE
AND
CLUB SODA.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. See that the Cork is branded "Cantrell & Cochrane, Dublin and Belfast."

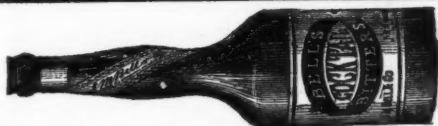


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"Continental" Brand.

In cases, quarts.....\$7.00
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" cocktails, 100 bottles.....\$7.00
A suitable discount to the trade.

TEN CENTS A GLASS.

Champagne Pavillon at Coney Island, opposite New Iron Pier and adjoining West Brighton Beach Hotel.
Also Cal. Hock, Claret, Angelica, Sherry and Brandy.



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Price, Per Case, (One Dozen).....\$6.00

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LAGER AND WEISS BEER.
WINE AND BRANDY BOTTLES.

SPECIAL ATTENTION PAID TO ORDERS WITH NAME
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WITH THIRTY CHANGES OF POSITIONS.

Parlor, Library, Invalid Chair, Child's Crib, Bed or Lounge, combining beauty, lightness, strength, simplicity and comfort. Everything to an exact science. Orders by mail promptly attended to. Goods shipped to any address, C. O. D. Send for Illustrated Circulars. Quote PUCK. Address the

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\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$5 free. Address STINSON & CO. Portland, Maine.

In the spring above the meadow chirping swallows joyous flit;
In the spring all nature's gilded with the brightest charms, to wit:

In the spring the little bluebird sings within the maple tree;
In the spring the cowslips peeping from the grasses dot the lea.

In the spring on twilight's cloudships coral draperies repose;
In the spring a warmer lustre on Melissa's bonnet glows.

In the spring within the woodland all the warblers gaily flute;
In the spring the solemn Shanghai sits serenely on her fruit.

In the spring a tint of amber on the honeysuckle lies;
In the spring the saffron ducklet its aquatic paddle tries.

In the spring the oleander, as per custom, tips and tilts;
In the spring the happy school-boy walks around upon his stilts.

In the spring the fragrant zephyr shakes the dew-drop from the rose;
In the spring a young man's fancy turns to thoughts of summer clothes.

—R. K. Munkittrick in Andrews's Am. Queen.

THE German authorities are becoming alarmed at the large emigration from that country to America, and are considering methods to discourage the exodus. Did it never occur to them to lower the price of beer and bologna sausage?—*Norristown Herald.*

[Battle Creek (Mich.) Daily Journal.]

Upon being spoken to concerning St. Jacobs Oil, our fellow townsman, Mr. Theodore Wakelee, said: "I had been suffering with rheumatism, and obtained the greatest relief from the use of St. Jacobs Oil. It has also been used in my family for some time, and has never been found to fail in giving prompt relief."

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An excellent appetizing tonic, of exquisite flavor, now used over the whole world, cures Dyspepsia, Diarrhea, Fever and Ague, and all disorders of the Digestive Organs. A few drops impart a delicious flavor to a glass of champagne. Try it, but beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by
Dr. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.

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The genuine Jules Mumm has a black necklabel bearing the inscription "JULES MUMM & CO., REIMS," in gold letters. The corks are also branded with full firm name.

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Natural
Mineral
Water,



which received First Prize and Gold Medal at Munich 1879, and at Sidney, Australia, May 1880, as the most wholesome and most palatable table water for daily use.

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THE HATTER'S
WORLD RENOWNED
HATS can be found in every city in the U. S.

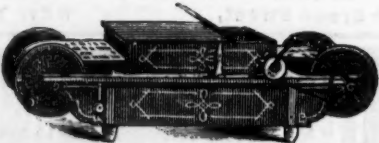
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QUALITY—THE BEST!!

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POOL and BILLIARD TABLES,
with Patent Corded Edge Cushions, warranted superior
to all others, and sold at low prices and on easy terms.
Good second hand tables always on hand.
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IS THE MOST WONDERFUL MUSIC-PRODUCING IN-
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AND POPULAR!

IT IS A MARVEL OF CHEAPNESS, AND THE KING OF
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS!

Large Pipe Organs, Pianos and Reed Organs may all be seen
operating mechanically as Orguettes, Musical Cabinets, and
Cabinetettes, at the most novel and interesting music warehouses
in the world.

No. 831 Broadway,
Between 12th and 13th Sts.,
THE MECHANICAL ORGUINETTE CO.,
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COLUMBIA BICYCLE.

The Bicycle has proved itself to be a perma-
nent, practical road vehicle, and the number
in daily use is rapidly increasing. Professional
and business men, seekers after health or pleas-
ure, all join in bearing witness to its merits.

Send 3c. stamp for catalogue with price list
THE POPE MFG CO.,
46 Summer St., Boston, Mass.



TALMAGE's revival in Brooklyn was not a
success. He says that Lent hurts the circus
business.—PUCK. Then he knows very little
about it. Twenty-five years ago Lent—in con-
junction with Welch—engineered one of the
most successful circuses on the road, and he
has done as much to foster and build up the
business as almost any other one man. And—
What? You didn't mean *that* Lent? Oh, well
then, perhaps it did.—*Norristown Herald.*

CORNS may be easily cured. The most tor-
turing corns can at once be extirpated as fol-
lows: Take a sharp knife and find the joint
whereupon the corn resides; insert the knife in
the circulation, cut off the toe and throw it
away. It will never return again unless your
dog will bring it back to you in his mouth.
Patent applied for.—*Rockland Courier.*

A STONE baby has been found at Eureka
Springs, Ark. Probably been rocked to death.
—*Phila. Bulletin.* Its parents probably mistook
it for a little brick.—*N. Y. Commercial Adver-*
tiser. It is a gneiss baby, anyhow; and we shall
not mica pun on it.—*Norristown Herald.*

THE Nihilists are not such extremists, after
all. They desire the abolition of Siberia as a
place of exile for political offenses, but are
content to have it set apart for amateur elocutionists and album poets.—*S. F. Post.*

[South Bend Evening Register.]

When certain powers are claimed for an article, and
everybody testifies that it does more than is claimed for it,
to gainsay its worth is useless. This is the substance of
the St. Jacobs Oil record.

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ROYAL PUCK CIGARETTES.

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The best Stomach Bitters known, containing most valu-
able medicinal properties in all cases of Bowel complaints;
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THE ONLY MEDICINE

That Acts at the Same Time on
**The Liver, the Bowels,
and the Kidneys.**

These great organs are the natural cleansers
of the system. If they work well, health will be
perfect; if they become clogged dreadful dis-
eases are sure to follow with

TERRIBLE SUFFERING.

Biliousness, Headache, Dyspepsia, Jaundice,
Constipation, Piles, Kidney Complaints,
Gravel, Diabetes, Rheumatic Pains or Aches.
are developed because the blood is poisoned with
the humors that should be expelled naturally.

KIDNEY-WORT WILL RESTORE

the healthy action and all these destroying
evils will be banished; neglect them and you
will live but to suffer.

Thousands have been cured. Try it and you
will add one more to the number. Take it and
health will once more gladden your heart.

Why suffer longer from the torment of aching back?

Why bear such distress from Constipation and Piles?

KIDNEY-Wort will cure you. Try a package at
once and be satisfied.

It is put up in Dry Vegetable Form, in
Tin Cans one package of which makes six quarts
of medicine. Also in Liquid Form, very Con-
centrated for those who cannot readily prepare
it. It acts with equal efficiency in either form.
YOUR DRUGGIST HAS IT. PRICE \$1.00.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Prop's,

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The New and Reliable Style of
AMERICAN 'STAR' SOFT CAPSULES



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S-C-M-C—Retailled by all Druggists.

Note Tin Box, Blue Wrapper, with Star
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**JOSEPH GILLOTT'S
STEEL PENS**

Sold by ALL DEALERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.
GOLD MEDAL PARIS EXPOSITION—1873.

CORNER BOWERY AND GRAND ST.



CORNER BOWERY AND GRAND ST.

IN PREPARATION:
PUCK ON WHEELS
Price 25 Cents.

ANOTHER FRAUD EXPOSED!

If the Thurburs wish to see themselves as the Almighty himself portrays them, let them read Psalms LII-III to end.

In last Sun'ay's papers the Thurburs shamelessly persisted in their dishonorable course of fraud upon SAPOLIO and upon the public, by publishing a lot of certificates, testifying to the alleged merits of their scouring soap. It was a cunningly conceived plan to deceive housekeepers into the belief that the proprietors and housekeepers of some of the leading New York hotels endorse their scouring soap to the disadvantage of SAPOLIO. Among other certificates, the Thurburs printed the following:

"I would not use Sapolio under any circumstances.

MRS. E. J. COWLES,
Housekeeper, Metropolitan Hotel."

With reference to this singular alleged statement, Mr. HENRY CLAIR, proprietor of the Metropolitan Hotel, on April 7, stated as follows:

"You may say to the Messrs. Morgan that it is a lie—there is not a word of truth in it. I called Mrs. Cowles to account and she asserts positively that she did not sign any such thing. We use Morgan's Sapolio. The Thurburs sent us some of their soap (free) to try, but we never did so."

Mr. THOMPSON, steward of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, states that the housekeeper of that hotel could not have signed such a testimonial, for they had none of their soap in the house—did not use it—but used Sapolio, and had just bought some of it.

Mrs. SAGE, housekeeper of the Coleman House, states that a man brought her some soap, to try, and she liked it—but that when she bought some of it she found it very inferior to both the sample and to Sapolio. She denies "that she ever said that it was as good an article as Sapolio. On the contrary, she did not think it was so good."

Mrs. C. A. SHEPPARD, housekeeper of the Gilsey House, stated that a man named "Murrey brought her a cake of Thurbur's soap to try, which she did; that subsequently he asked her to sign a recommendation of it, which she obligingly did; had no intention of saying that the article was better than the Sapolio, because she had used Sapolio for years, and still used it constantly, while she had never used but the one cake of the soap, which had been given her free. She found in using the sample cake of Thurbur's soap that it broke and crumbled."

The proprietors and housekeepers of other hotels distinctly disclaim any intention of having recommended the Thurbur soap to the disparagement of SAPOLIO, because they know Sapolio to be the superior article.

It is thus apparent that the Thurburs are forced to beg people to give their article a trial, and by giving them a quantity of it, take advantage of their gratitude to get their endorsement of its value. Failing in this, they do not hesitate to publish certificates intended to deceive the public. This is their "accustomed energetic" way of pushing sales.

"It has always been a standing principle with us to fix the lowest price for our goods consistent with good quality," say the Thurburs.

How about

IMITATION BUTTER, called Oleomargarine.

IMITATION HONEY, called Glucose.

IMITATION SAPOLIO, called "Pride of the Kitchen."

IMITATION BRANDY, made from Alcohol and Flavoring Extracts.

CHESTNUT GROVE WHISKEY, made from the same materials in a day.

SPECIAL FREIGHT RATES, under the masquerade of "Anti Monopoly."

In fact, referring to one of the Thurburs, the N. Y. Tribune editorially asks:

"* * * Whether he is a reputable business man, or a Jeremy Diddler?"

DISHONEST PRACTICES

from such sources may annoy, but they cannot affect the reputation or diminish the sales of SAPOLIO. Bad imitations can but thrive temporarily—bogus certificates are sure to be exposed and to recoil upon their shameless authors. The sentiments of an honest community sustain the efforts of reputable business men to crush out fraud and expose deception. The decay that surely follows dishonest business practices will be discerned by shrewd merchants, who will find it prudent to withdraw deposits and to sever business relations of an intimate nature. The smell of the tainted character is simply spreading.

SAPOLIO

has made no war upon the Thurburs, or upon their article. It has simply asserted its right and duty to defend itself against as base and contemptible a fraudulent imitation as was ever uttered. It is an honest article at a fair price. It pirates on no one—it stands, and has always stood, upon its own merits. Made in a costly and superior manner it cannot be sold at an inferior price—but like all first-class articles it is, in reality, far cheaper than the other Scouring Soaps, because it will last fully three times as long, and will always do perfect work. The Thurburs know this as well as they know that they have been convicted of fraud, after a fair trial in a Court of justice, and they dare not deny either fact. Nor are the proprietors of SAPOLIO regarded with distrust and contempt by a large share of their fellow-citizens, because of their business practices for the sake of gain.

"Think'st thou there are no serpents in the world,
But those who slide along the grassy sod,
And sting the luckless-foot that presses them?"

ENOCH MORGAN'S SONS CO.,
22 PARK PLACE, N. Y.

A TRAMP was looking wistfully into a coffee-saloon in Galveston. He smacked his lips and said, "I wish I had some coffee!" A kind-hearted gentleman put his hand in his pocket, and taking out ten cents handed it to the unfortunate man, saying, "Go and get some coffee, if you need it so bad." The tramp took the money, but instead of going into the coffee-saloon he made a bee-line for a bar-room. "Hello! come back. There is no coffee over there," called out his benefactor. "That's all you know about it. There's coffee and cloves in a saucer on the bar. I've been there before."—*Galveston News.*

So they have sent out an American man-of-war, have they, to hunt up the missing Australian steamer? Well, now! We wonder where that man-of-war has been hiding all this time. Under the wharves over at Mare Island perhaps; or perhaps they lifted it out of the water and put an umbrella over it so that it shouldn't get wet. We expect every day to see the *City of New York* coming into port with its saviour slung up affectionately in the davits.—*S. F. News Letter.*

"Any good shooting on your farm?" asked the hunter of the farmer. "Splendid," replied the agriculturist; "there's a drive-well man down in the clover meadow, a cloth peddler at the house, a candidate out in the barn, and two tramps down in the stock-yard. Climb right over the fence, young man, load both barrels, and sail in."—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

"MR. GILHOOLY," said a diminutive boy with a handful of bills, "when are you going to pay this bill for them boots you got on?"

"How old are you, sonny?"

"Ten years old."

"Go tell your pa you have too much curiosity for your age."—*Galveston News.*

A CHURCH in Palermo was last month robbed by brigands of all its objects of art and sacred use at the altar. They are very strict Catholics in Sicily, except when it comes to robbing a church.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

DR. TANNER admits that he has failed as a lecturer, but he wants to bet that he will be remembered twenty years longer than the late President Hayes. He has all the odds in his favor.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE price of human hair has advanced to such a figure that jute is now used for ornamentation in the manufacture of oilymargarine. This is a world of deceit.—*Quincy Mod-ern Argo.*

THE Pullman Palace Car Company has decided to increase its capital stock. The capital stock of insects in the coaches will not be diminished.—*Phila. Kronicle-Herald.*

Sufferers from corns will find sure relief in German Corn Remover. Sold by druggists. 25 cts.

Angostura Bitters are endorsed by all the leading physicians and chemists, for their purity and wholesomeness. Beware of counterfeits and ask your grocer and druggist for the genuine article, prepared by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.

J. W. HANCOX, 51 Broadway, New York.

The Proof of the Pudding is the chewing of the Bag.—Durham, the great smoking tobacco centre, is situated in the 4th Internal Revenue District of North Carolina, which embraces 21 Counties and in these 21 Counties there are 75 Registered Manufactories of Tobacco. The Internal Revenue paid to the General Government by these Factories for the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1879 amounted to (\$879,480 81) eight hundred and seventy-nine thousand four hundred and eighty dollars and eighty-one cents. Of this amount the manufacturers of the celebrated Blackwell's Fragrant Durham Bull Smoking Tobacco, Messrs. W. T. Blackwell & Co., alone paid (\$542,720 24) five hundred and forty-two thousand seven hundred and twenty dollars and twenty-four cents. More than double the amount that the other 74 factories combined pay. This needs no comment. These facts show most conclusively who it is at Durham that makes Smoking Tobacco that meets to the fullest extent the popular demand.

FOR BINDING PUCK.

We are now prepared to bind Volumes of Puck in a new and improved manner. The centre cartons are now brought forward, thus showing them in full and the reading matter under them, which has heretofore been partly concealed in binding.

Price (half morocco)..... \$2.50

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Broadway & 11th St.,
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STEAMSHIP LINE between
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Sailing every Saturday.

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Rates of passage from NEW YORK to SOUTHAMPTON,
HAVRE, or BREMEN:
First Cabin, \$100; Second Cabin, \$60; Steerage, \$30.
Return tickets at reduced rates. Prepaid Steerage Certificates, \$24
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FOR SALE BY ALL STATIONERS.
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The following numbers of PUCK will be bought at this office, 21 and 23 Warren Street, at 10 cents per copy: Nos. 5, 6, 8, 14, 16, 26, 39, 41, 42, 53, 54, 56, 64.

G. H. MUMM & CO'S
CHAMPAGNE

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69,308 Cases



Being 34,387 Cases more than of any other brand, and the largest importation ever reached by any house in the United States.

CAUTION.—Beware of impositions or mistakes; when ordering G. H. MUMM & CO'S Champagne, see that the labels and corks bear their name and initials.

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